

ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE CITY AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1864.

BY

HON. THOMAS RUSSELL.



BOSTON :

J. E. FARWELL AND COMPANY, PRINTERS TO THE CITY,

37 CONGRESS STREET.

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West. Res. Hist. Soc.

CITY OF BOSTON.

In Board of Aldermen, July 5, 1864.

ORDERED: That the thanks of the City Council be and they are hereby presented, to the HON. THOMAS RUSSELL, for the eloquent and patriotic Oration delivered before the Municipal Authorities of Boston, on the occasion of the Celebration of the Eighty-Eighth Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence; and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

Passed; sent down for concurrence.

OTIS NORCROSS, *Chairman.*

In Common Council, July 7, 1864.

Concurred.

GEORGE S. HALE, *President.*

Approved July 8, 1864.

F. W. LINCOLN, JR., *Mayor.*



ORATION.

MEETING to keep the anniversary of our Nation's birth in this time of the Nation's trial, — assembled to renew our allegiance to the flag, dearer to us in its hour of peril than when it waved in unchallenged dominion over half a continent, while the varying fortune of war “half conceals, half discloses” that beloved symbol, — how shall we approach our theme, except by reverently lifting our eyes toward Him who holds the destinies of nations in his hands, and beseeching him, that as He was with the fathers, so He may ever be with us?

In more peaceful times it would be pleasant to linger among the grand events that heralded the advent of Independence, — to trace the growth of Liberty through the stormy times of the Stamp Act and Tea Tax; through all the agonies and glories of provincial and colonial life, back to the day when the wearied Mayflower furled her sails within the protecting sweep of Cape Cod, and when the woods of New England first rang with the anthems of our Pilgrim Fathers. And while you will agree with me that the day is

to be kept, not by adorning the tombs of the dead, but by taking such counsel as is fitted to guard the homes of the living and the heritage of their children, yet even now we shall do well to glance for a moment at the stirring scenes which immediately preceded the Declaration, asking always what is the lesson which those days teach to ours?

It is good to tread, in imagination, the courts of the Old State House, and to hear James Otis pleading against Writs of Assistance, breathing into Independence the breath of life, founding his argument upon those principles of natural right, which would strike every fetter from human limbs.

We enter Faneuil Hall and the Old South Church, and learn at thronged town meetings how cheap our fathers held trade, wealth, comfort, life, when their rights as men were at stake. We hear the pulpits resounding with appeals to patriotism and denunciations of oppression. We see the women of America denying themselves the choicest luxury of their daily meals, wearing homespun garments, weaving homespun garments, rejoicing that in any way they could contribute to the greatness of their country.

We feel the thrill that runs through all the colonies; we hear the word that trembles on every lip. The thrill is an instinct for Union, and the word is "join or die." We learn that American Independence could only be achieved through Union, and we

know that by Union alone can it be maintained. And it is not "for empire" that the North is fighting; but for national existence; and, therefore, "on this line," and for this end we must fight it out, till it pleases God to send us victory.

Loud threats roll across the sea, loudest of all against the unruly province of Massachusetts Bay and the rebellious town of Boston. So it has ever been; so may it ever be. Far distant be the day when the friends of tyranny shall speak well of Boston; when the haters of human rights shall cease to hate old Massachusetts.

But, while hated by those whose enmity was honor, the patriot province and the "martyr town" were loved by all who loved liberty. When the Boston Port Bill sought to crush out the life of this community by cutting off its trade—a threat not unknown in later times—then, not only from all the villages of New England, but from distant States, came the freewill offerings of friends.

First of all—we will remember it even now—came the generous gift of rice from South Carolina, which in the hour of Carolina's need our fathers gladly repaid. And, a little later, when certain members of Congress denounced the fanaticism of New England, spoke of the contest as her war, and proposed that she should be left to fight alone, the great statesman of South Carolina rejoiced that there was

such a people, and spoke of New England as an asylum where honest men might take refuge, if all the rest of the world should prove false to freedom.

When the sons of Carolina have learned to love liberty with all the warmth of that century, and all the light of this, then may the children of the two proud old Commonwealths once more remember that their fathers loved each other as brothers.

The distress of Boston was discussed in Virginia, where the most eloquent speech was made by George Washington. And this was his speech: "I will raise a regiment of a thousand men. I will subsist them at my own expense. I will march at their head to the relief of Boston." How, in the hour of national peril, the man of action stands pre-eminent above the man of words! How, for the last three years, has our country, through all her bleeding wounds, cried out for one such man! How all hearts rejoice in the belief that at last the man of action has been found in our silent, persistent, triumphant General Grant?

The time for action rapidly approached. On the evening of the 18th of April, 1775, British soldiers met at the foot of the Common on their way to East Cambridge and to Concord. As they embarked, two lanterns, provided by the care of Paul Revere, flung out their light from the steeple of the Old North Church to warn the minute-men of Middle-

sex that now the hour had come to strike for freedom. It was a happy omen, — true token that, whenever the liberties of America are in danger, the warning light shall still shine from the church. Thank God, that in our day the light is not dimmed; that in the hands of our watchmen the trumpet sends forth no uncertain sound.

And now, as the martyrs of Lexington fall on the village green, in the gray light of morning as Harrington falls, and rises, and seeks to meet his wife, who is hastening to embrace him, and sinks again and dies, before she can fold him in her arms, — tell me, shall we unite in the lamentations of those whose dearest friends had been slain in sight of their homes, or shall we join in the well-known exclamation of Samuel Adams, himself a fugitive, when he heard the fatal volley, and cried out in words so often quoted, “Oh, what a glorious morning is this!” — glorious, because he knew that what was sowed in tears should be reaped in triumph; glorious, because history had taught him that God’s appointed method for the remission of national sins and for the regeneration of national life has always been by “the shedding of blood.”

Next, we stand by the North Bridge at Concord and listen to “the shot heard round the world!” Among the little band of patriots, let us fix our eyes on one. The words are few which tell us what we

know of Isaac Davis; but they sketch a village hero. He hears the alarm-drum, and, making haste to obey the summons, as he leaves his house at Acton, he says to his wife, "Take good care of the children," as if the shadow of death fell even then upon his eyes. His company march to Concord to the liveliest of homely tunes, as little martial as the Spartan flute, which poets have loved to commemorate. He briefly reports to the commanding officer: "I have n't a man that is afraid to go." He claims the advance, and as he steps forward to meet the fatal bullet, a light glows on his face and kindles in his eyes, which his companions never could describe and never could forget. Who knows what visions were vouchsafed to him in that moment,—visions of independence achieved, of America triumphant—promises, it may be, of the greater glory yet to be? When we read of such a death, we know what the poet meant when he wrote—

"One glorious hour of crowded life,
Is worth an age without a name."

It was a sad moment when his lifeless form was born to the presence of his bereaved wife. But as years rolled on,—as the news of Saratoga and Yorktown, of peace and victory, were carried to the desolated home,—who does not believe that grief was forgotten in joy and pride, and gratitude, that she

had been allowed to make so dear a sacrifice for her country's cause? And when the representatives of thirty powerful States ministered to her wants; when the words of monumental inscriptions, of orators and of historians paid tribute to the dead, do you think she envied her neighbors, who together had lived out their eighty years of peace and comfort? or would she not rather exclaim: "I would not give the memory of my dead husband for any position in Christendom!"

Some of you have sent to the war husbands, brothers, sons, who will no more return forever. For you there is a mournful sound even in the bells that usher in the old Jubilee of Freedom. The morning and noon, and evening salutes seem like the minute-guns that mark the burial of the dead. But because they died for Union and for Liberty you do not count their lives as lost. Already, those whose friends fell on the 19th of April, 1861, feel comforted as they see loyal Maryland standing side by side with Massachusetts, and Baltimore pressing hard upon the advancing footsteps of Boston. And when the work of loyalty is complete; when our country stands before the world triumphant and peaceful, purified by adversity, ennobled by her trials, with old prejudices forgotten, with new powers displayed, with grand virtues developed, with a new name among the nations, with a new and nobler life in her own heart; when the old national anthems, the old

national standard, the old national anniversary, shall be the common glory of all the States, and of all the people in all the States, then will the blood of the fallen have borne its perfect fruit, and the sorrow of death will be swallowed up in the joy of victory.

The swift pursuit that followed the retreating British, and besieged them within the walls of Boston, attested the ready patriotism of our fathers. But it bore witness, also, to the drill and discipline with which those fathers had prepared the militia of New England for their country's service. Here, too, is a lesson for this day; and here, again, we match the lesson of the past. After the lapse of eighty-six years, Massachusetts was again called on for prompt action in arms. Her response is part of the history of the Union. All honor to the patriotism, that rallied so grandly to defend the Capital. Honor to the noble Governor in whom that patriotism was embodied. And one word of remembrance and of honor to-day and always, for the predecessor of that Governor, who recognized the value of a citizen soldiery, before it was fashionable to recognize it; who helped to raise the volunteer militia from their low estate, and prepared them for the service of their country. "Holiday soldiers," men called them once. And, in many a bloody field, they have shown that the day which brings them face to face with armed Rebellion is to them the brightest holiday of their lives.

Next, in reviewing the early scenes of war, we stand on Bunker Hill and share the varied emotions that belong to the 17th of June. In darker hours we have loved to remind each other that our existence as a nation dates from a lost battle. On the evening of that day swift couriers told the country that our fathers had retreated; that Charlestown was in ashes; that Warren was among the slain. But they told of such a spirit, and aroused such a spirit, as was an assurance of final victory. So did this contest begin with a lost battle for the North. But, as we saw how the tidings were received, we could not call it wholly a disaster. We saw a noble nation not sinking in despair, but rising in defiance. The languid love of country which had slept in hours of peace, became "the live thunder" of awakened and indignant loyalty. And the people came forward offering their substance, their services, their lives; ready to sacrifice that which it is harder to give up, even their political prejudices, forgetting past differences, burying all partisanship, determined that while treason threatened the Capital, they would know nothing but an endangered country and an insulted flag. Oh, for a return of that spirit! It were cheaply purchased by the bombardment of a Northern city.

Again, I thought of Bunker Hill, as early on a gloomy morning in December, 1862, I stood by the

banks of the Rappahannock, and witnessed the withdrawal of a brave, noble, baffled army. The dim stars looked down sadly upon our retiring troops, and the wind that swept through the valley seemed to be sighing for the defeat of a great cause, and the downfall of a great nation. But as I sat by the camp-fires of the bivouac,—better still, as I stood by the bedside of wounded soldiers in many a hospital, and heard men freshly borne from that lost battle at Fredericksburg, longing for health and strength that they might once more follow to the field the same commander, any commander,—always the same dear flag,—I felt that, in spite of all that we had lost, the triumph of the North was sure.

One lesson more from Bunker Hill. It has been said, that when Pitcairn mounted the rampart of the redoubt, he fell pierced by a bullet from the musket of a colored volunteer. And do you ask, “is the inevitable negro here also?” Yes, he is here. He stood on Bunker Hill, as afterwards he stood in the lines at Rhode Island, in the earthworks at Red Bank, as now he stands side by side with the bravest before the walls of Richmond, where the crimsoned ground gives token that he is indeed, “of one blood” with his comrades. He is here, by no fault of his, by no choice of his, for our good or for evil; for good, if we frankly accept his proffered aid, with its honest, natural results; for evil, if now, when our rivers are turned

into blood, and when the first-born in so many a household lies dead, we still refuse to listen to the voice that thunders from on high — “LET MY PEOPLE GO.”

After the 17th of June, the heart of the nation cried out for independence, while Congress, lagging far behind the people, delayed to speak the decisive word. Before the 19th of April, “no thinking man” breathed such a wish. The leading patriots repelled the charge of desiring it, as a slander. In 1774, Congress, on the motion of a most radical member, passed a resolve, which not only excluded all idea of separation, but admitted the right of Parliament to lay taxes for the regulation of trade. And timid, honest men pointed to this vote, and could not see that ages of progress had rolled on since it was passed. They failed to recognize the truth stated by Paine in his *Common Sense*, that “all plans and proposals prior to the 19th of April, i. e. the commencement of hostilities, are like an old almanac, however proper once, useless and superseded now.” They did not know that in revolutionary times the wisdom of last year is folly, and the truth of yesterday is a lie to-day.

Bolder spirits said: “What was true in 1774, has ceased to be true in ’75, in the presence of actual war. Concord and Bunker Hill, the burning of Charlestown and Falmouth, the fall of Warren and Montgomery, have changed our relations to England, and conferred new rights on the colonists. The land which has been

enriched with the blood of so many brave men must forever be a free land. Since we must fight, it should be with every power, and for the highest prize." They argued truly, that foreign nations which would care little for a technical issue of constitutional law, would be moved to sympathy when the contest concerned the freedom of a continent. These bolder counsels, and safer, became bolder, finally prevailed, and our country took its place among the nations of the earth.

I need hardly point out the parallel of our own day. In 1861, Congress, "by a vote nearly unanimous," resolved that Government had no right and no purpose to attack slavery in the States; and, as the conservatives of '75 turned to the resolutions of '74, so do many worthy men cling to the vote of 1861. But the people have said: "Events have changed, and our rights have changed with them. Slavery is no longer a quiet, 'domestic institution.' It is an aggressive force; it has become the strength of the Rebellion. It is an engine of war which treason uses against us, and which we ought to turn against treason." They have called upon our rulers to put on the whole armor of the powers with which the fact of war has supplied them. They have urged that in repressing Rebellion, it is not only a right but a duty to wield "the State's whole thunder." And as history records that the folly of Stamp Act, and Tea Tax and Port Bill made us an independent nation, so future historians will relate that

the madness of Secession and the crime of Rebellion wrought the deliverance of a race from bondage. And it will be reckoned among the chief glories of our age and of our country, that —

“In her councils statesmen met,
Who knew the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.”

Before uniting in the Declaration Congress had done the other act that renders their name immortal. They had placed Washington at the head of the army. Would that time allowed us to trace his steps from his first bloodless victory on Dorchester Heights, victory of the spade and pickaxe, those emblems of soldierly endurance and patience, of which his whole life was the fitter emblem,—on through the reverses in New York, the brilliant retreat across New Jersey, the sorrows of Valley Forge, to the crowning glory of Yorktown. Every hour of his life for these seven years teaches a people engaged in a war for existence the duty of unconditional loyalty to their country, unwavering hope of her triumph. These are the great lessons which his life affords to ours.

I use the word loyalty as representing the sentiment, the instinct, the passion of patriotism. I know it has been denied by foreign writers that this virtue is possible in a republic, and it has been said on high

legal authority at home, that it only includes those duties which are "required" by the Constitution and the laws. Fortunately, no such theory had chilled the hearts of our people, our sailors and our soldiers. They did not ask foreign authors whether they were capable of this virtue, nor take legal advice as to the precise measure of allegiance which they owed to the Union. They have taken counsel of their own hearts, and clustered round the symbol of American loyalty,—not the person of a monarch, but a stainless flag. And for those who deny the possibility of passionate loyalty in republican bosoms, their simple answer has been that for it they can die.

This sentiment imposes no terms on Government. It does not demand the adoption of our favorite measures or the promotion of our favorite men. It simply follows the standard of the Republic. Its language is—

"All that I am, and have, and hope,"

on earth, I consecrate to thee, my country. Even rights which are held dear in peace, a patriot gladly gives up in the hour of war, for he knows that all rights, and possessions, and hopes depend upon his country's triumph. Honest advice and fair criticism are not only rights, but duties. The intellect as well as the heart should pay its whole tribute to the Government engaged in war. But if any man (no mat-

ter to what party or faction he belongs) purposely thwarts the efforts of Government in crushing Rebellion, — if he opposes its policy in war simply because it is the policy of Government, — if for personal or political ends he rejoices in its failures, and makes light of its success, and magnifies its losses, and exaggerates its errors, — if any man, from whatever motive, seeks to weaken the arm of his country when it is lifted against Rebellion, that man is a traitor to America.

Here the civilian may learn a lesson from the soldier. When the first day at Shiloh is to be retrieved, or Fort Donelson is to be carried, or Missionary Ridge is to be climbed, then is no time to quarrel about pay or rations or promotions, no time to make ill-founded complaints or well-founded complaints. Then is the time to advance with one tread and to strike as with one hand, till treason yields before united loyalty. I borrow my confession of faith from the lips of one brave soldier, as I find its best illustrations in the lives of all brave soldiers. “My creed,” said Burnside, “my creed is brief. This Government must be sustained. This Rebellion must be put down.” And no words can equal the lesson of single-hearted devotion to country, taught by the lives of such patriots as Grant and Meade and Hancock, who seek no end but their country’s good, — who know no politics except her salvation.

I take an illustration of this virtue, as soldiers understand it, from the well-known story of that Ohio Colonel, who, on the second day of Murfreesboro', just as he was leading his regiment to the charge, saw his son fall mortally wounded at his side. He longed to kneel by the side of his dying boy. He longed to hear the words of farewell which that boy might speak for the mother who should no more see her child returning to his home. But there was duty to be done, — there was Rebellion to be crushed, — there was a country to be served ; and he only said to one that could be spared, "Look out for Johnny," and led his regiment right onward to battle and to victory. Just so straightforward, so unwavering, so unconditional, should be the loyalty with which we "march under the flag, and keep step to the music" of an imperilled Union.

Does it seem hard to reconcile freedom of thought and speech with devoted support of a Government whose warlike policy you do not wholly approve ? Learn a lesson, then, from the course of Daniel Webster, during the war of 1812. He did not approve the war ; he thought it might have been avoided ; he knew it might be better managed ; but it was his country's war and it was just ; and he who claimed the right of free discussion for himself and his children, — he who would maintain it, liv-

ing or dying, exerted all his powers to make the war successful. In later days, when taunted by Mr. Calhoun, with his conduct at this period, he pointed to the record, and defied any man to show that, in anything, he had been wanting in fidelity or loyalty to the country which he served. He might well boast that he and such as he had advocated that gallant Navy, whose thunders testified to the loyalty of New England, while they shook the supremacy of Old England on the seas. It is but a few days, since the feeble remnant of a noble regiment marching through our streets reminded us that the example of Daniel Webster had not been lost upon his son; and that in the hour of his country's need he had been faithful unto death.

Take another illustration from English history. When the minds of men were maddened by the French Revolution, England plunged into a series of wars that ought to teach her forever the folly of interfering in the affairs of other States. And in the darkest hour of that contest, when Austerlitz had almost blotted out the boundaries from the map of Europe, the chief opponent of the war was placed in power. And how did Charles Fox bear himself during the few months that remained to him of life? Hear what the great tory poet said of him:—

“ When Europe crouched 'neath France's yoke,
And Austria bowed and Prussia broke,

And the firm Russian's purpose brave
Was bartered by a timorous slave,
Even then dishonor's peace he spurned,
The sullied olive-branch returned,
Stood for his country's glories fast,
And nailed her colors to the mast."

In that spirit all the North should be to-day, as one man for the Union.

Never had men such motives as Americans now have for unbounded devotion to country. A great weight of glory urges us on. An unfathomable gulf of infamy and despair awaits us if we fail. It is no less true because we have heard it so often—it is the more true because we have almost forgotten it, that on the issue of this contest hang all our earthly hopes. If disunion prevails we can only look forward to new disunions, to border war, to civil war, to foreign domination, to usurpation, to anarchy, to all manner of desolation. To-night the loving father, as he looks upon his sleeping children, may well say, "if this Rebellion triumphs, it were better for them that they had never been born."

Even now a foreign reviewer looks for, "the dim headlands of new empire," that are to emerge from the stormy sea in which the Union has sunk. He speaks of new disintegration of the Union as certain, and gloats over the prospect, that this war, with all its horrors, is only the first act in a grand drama of

revolutions. It is well to be taught by an enemy. Never before was presented to a nation so immediately the issue of victory or death.

It is not for ourselves alone ; it is for the poor and oppressed of all lands, that we would maintain this great City of Refuge. Hear what a liberal writer of the greatest and richest among European empires has just said of his own country: "Millions of our laboring population live constantly in view of penal pauperism, and nearly a million of them on the average are actually paupers. They pass through life without hope ; they die in degradation ; the only haven of their old age, after a life of toil, is the workhouse." He might have added that, from this powerful monarchy, peaceful, insolent in its prosperity, the working men are now flying by tens of thousands and seeking an asylum here,—hastening from that

"Land of settled government"

to this distracted theatre of civil war. What an assurance of faith, what an omen of victory ! From the interested forebodings of tory lords and of Quarterly Reviewers, I turn to the instinctive action of the poor Irish immigrant, and gain new hope for my country.

Nor is it only as a refuge ; it is as an example alike to oppressors and oppressed, that we would

maintain the Union. How in past days our example has cheered the hopes of those who love the rights of man. From Italy, from Hungary, from Poland — I dare not quite forget her; from Ireland, true “Niobe of nations,” the victims of wrong have looked toward America, and found hope.

I recall the words of Lord Brougham in his earlier and better days. “Long,” he said, “long may that great Union last! its endurance is of paramount importance to the peace of the world, to the best interests of humanity, to the general improvement of mankind.”

Yes, long may it endure! The prayer shall be granted, although many a friend prove false.

If we needed any additional stimulus to our patriotism we ought to find it in the devoted loyalty of the Unionists at the South. When the story of their fidelity, their endurance, their sufferings is fully written, we shall gain new ideas of the capacity of men for heroism. Shame on us, if, while we can keep a regiment in the field, we deliver up these men and women to the tender mercies of the Rebel government.

And does the loyalty of any man waver because of the vast sacrifices we have made? Those very sacrifices are reasons why we cannot falter in our course. Voices from the past bid us go on. The slumbers of the dead would be disquieted if we failed in service to the cause for which they fell. As we looked last week upon “the riderless horse” of the brave Colonel

Blaisdell, we felt a new thrill of devotion. The community that sends such a man as General Stevenson to die is pledged never to desert the cause for which he gave his life. Time would fail me if I sought to recall the names of those who have fought bravely and died nobly. Honor and fame and gratitude to their memory forever; and better than honor and fame and gratitude, unwavering devotion to the cause which has been hallowed by their blood. Nor does the call to duty come from the dead alone. The mere presence of a brave man like Colonel Guiney, the commander of "the fighting ninth regiment," who honors us to-day, ought to arouse us all. Well might I be silent, and let his "dumb wounds" plead for the cause he loves and serves so well.

One limit bounds the exercise of unconditional loyalty. It is the limit recognised by that loyal Scotchman, who "would die to serve his country, but would not do a base act to save her." No duty requires us to undervalue the courage of our opponents. Self-respect should teach us to cease from thus libelling the valor of our own soldiers. It is time to refrain from ridiculing the "fleet-footed Virginians," when we remember that their State has given to the Rebel side the misguided virtues of Robert Lee and of Stonewall Jackson. The time may come when Southern men will no longer sneer at the avarice of Yankees who have sacrificed untold millions for a principle,

nor scoff at the cowardice of men whose steel they have so often felt. Let us honestly admit that we are surprised at the energy and endurance of the Rebels; that we wonder at the display of their power in the construction of mail-clad ships, of railroad material, of all the enginery of war. And may we not hope that this newborn skill is providentially designed, with free labor, to guide the South by unknown ways to strange industrial glories, and to make of it a worthy portion of the reconstructed Union? And is it too wild a dream, that one bond of that Union shall be the mutual respect which each section has learned to feel for the prowess of the other displayed upon a hundred battle-fields?

It is no part and no proof of loyalty to denounce as traitors those who only differ with us as to the true method of crushing Rebellion. Within the limits of devotion to the Union there is room for wide difference of opinion as to measures and men. Is it wise or just to announce to the South and to foreign nations that the North is almost equally divided between Unionists and Rebels; that the great State of Pennsylvania can only give a slender majority against treason; that it needs a sharp contest, every Spring, to decide whether New Hampshire is for Rebellion or against it, and that no one is quite sure on which side the State of New York now stands! — No: reason with your neighbors; tell them, if you think so, that their

course threatens ruin to the country ; convince them if you can ; vote them down if you can ; but do not lightly hurl the charge of treason against those whose whole hope in life is bound up in the preservation of the Union.

I know that these views may not be altogether acceptable. Wholesale denunciation is cheaper and easier and more popular. But if I should fail to say this, — if I should seem to denounce as disloyal those, who have given their blood or the blood of their children for the Union, I should lack the approval of one voice, without which the applause of the world is altogether vanity.

I spoke of the duty of hope. I call it a duty. And to me the schoolboy who plays at putting down Rebellion, and shouts to his comrades that “ we shall beat the Rebels yet,” is a truer patriot, and for this hour a better statesman than the ablest member of Congress, who can find no higher use for his talents than to depress our hopes, and divide our energies, and to paralyze our counsels.

I do not mean that unreasoning and vainglorious hope, which looks for overwhelming victory whenever a brigade changes its position ; and prophesies the immediate end of Rebellion at every trifling success of our arms. That false hope, too often followed by unmanly and unpatriotic despair, has been a curse to the Nation. I mean that well-grounded confidence

founded in the knowledge of our resources and in the assurance of right, which is among the chief of our resources ; that abiding hope, which in adversity and prosperity, through good report and through evil report, follows the fortunes of the country, and trusts in God for its triumph.

I find a motto for patriots in the phrase, which a brave king gave to the statesmen of Great Britain, when foreign war and civil dissension threatened the existence of the nation, and when the people too readily gave themselves up to unreasonable elevation and depression of spirits. He wrote to a friend, that crossing the German Ocean on a stormy night, with a head wind and a heavy sea, he heard the captain calling out every minute to the helmsman : “ Steady, steady, steady.” And he gave this to be the watchword of every loyal Englishman, until the day of peril should pass away. So, it might be our watchword now, — “ Steady.” No slacking of effort in the moment of success ; no dejection in the hour of danger. “ Steady ” for the Union and the right. If I could be heard by him who holds the helm of state, I would say to him, even, — “ Steady. The ship you steer is freighted with the best hopes of man. The destinies of generations unborn depend upon you. At last, the ship is steering for the North Star. Now, steady, steady, steady.”

I find grounds of hope in the devotion with which

our people on land and sea, at home and in the field, have upheld the cause of their country. In gloomy hours I call to mind the heroic deeds with which the war has been filled, and I dare not doubt our final triumph. I think of the Cumberland going down with her flag flying, her mutilated gunner, firing one more shot for the honor of the country; of that other gunner, who shut himself in the magazine of a burning ship, that he might not add to her danger by trying to escape; of the dying General, whose last wish was that he might lie with his face toward the enemy; of our heroic Bartlett, whose example shows that no wounds less than mortal can hold back a patriot from his country's service, and whose courage stayed the hand even of Rebel sharpshooters,—a breath of chivalry wafted from the regions of old romance. I remember Sergeant Carney at Fort Wagner seizing the flag as the standard-bearer fell; maimed, crawling on his hands and knees, but holding it up from contact with the ground, and saving “the symbol dear.” I call to mind the pilot of the Escort, who, with a bullet in his brain, steered the boat that bore General Foster to rescue our beleagured troops, living only to accomplish his work, with memory, judgment, reason all gone, living twelve minutes on loyalty alone, shaming in those minutes how many of our useless lives. I remember all these noble men and noble acts and noble deaths, and I cannot believe that God

has decreed failure to a cause for which such blood has been shed.

When I think of the heroism displayed in the field, of the devotion shown at home, of the men and women whose lives have been saved from guilty dissipation, or from that utter frivolity which is only a hair's breadth this side of guilty dissipation, redeemed and consecrated to patriotism, I find some compensation even for the horrors that have befallen us. I see that there is life saved as well as life lost, and, joining with the poet—

“Count it a covenant that He leads us on
Beneath the cloud and through the crimson sea.”

The part which the women of the North have taken in this contest must not be omitted, often as it has been set forth. When, on the twelfth of May, the glorious Hancock hurled his triumphant columns upon the panic-stricken ranks of Rebellion, first among the foremost, and bravest of the brave was our own “young gallant” Barlow. I say our own, for, although enlisted in New York, he was born and bred in Massachusetts; and bright as her roll of honor is, we cannot afford to lose one such name as his. Soldiers who saw that charge have told me that it was like the bursting of a thunder-cloud; and well I know the fiery soul that lent electric force to the falling bolt. And you will not ask what has this to do with the

services of women; for all America has heard that when the youthful General lay stretched upon the field at Gettysburg, pierced by five ghastly wounds, not thought to be worth the trouble of paroling by his captors, given up for dead, then his faithful wife found him, with just enough of blood left in his veins to enable him to be nursed into a hero once more,—stood by him, and would not let him die, but gave him again to his country. And what she did on a conspicuous stage, a thousand women have done in the hospital, on the field of battle, in the soldiers' homes, in ten thousand busy circles of industry,—and thus woman has given whole regiments to do battle for the Union.

Nor thus alone have women served their country's cause. Loving wives have said to their husbands: "Go, fight for the heritage of our children;" and tender mothers have charged their sons: "Make me proud of you by your death or by your life."

We have heard of the noble woman who said to her son: "Take the commission. If you accept the command of a colored regiment, I shall feel as proud of you as if you had been shot." He took the command, and died in glory, leading his brave men to battle. And the double wreath of pride was woven for that mother's brow. We have heard of that true-hearted girl who turned from the fresh grave of her brother, and such a brother, to say to the Governor:

“We thanked you when you gave our brother a commission. We thank you more to-day.” And in all this devotion to the right we see an omen of victory.

Even in the prodigality which is the tasteless and accursed fashion of this day there is ground of hope. I wonder that men and women can enjoy the vulgar luxury which is the madness of the hour. I wonder that they can endure it, while their dearest friends are dying in the field, and their best hopes are all endangered. But I see in it proofs of untouched resources, of almost boundless wealth; and I have faith that, when danger is imminent, all these resources will be consecrated to the service of the country.

I find grounds of hope even in the strange atrocities with which this Rebellion has been stained. I would do justice to the courage of our enemies. Language can hardly do justice to their cruelty. As I read of the captives at Fort Pillow, butchered, burned alive, then buried so hastily that the hands of the dead appeared on the surface of the earth, which refused to hide the crime, I thought of those “poor hands” of which Burke spoke so pathetically,—powerless here, but mighty when stretched towards the heavens for justice. We are told that in the Revolution the murder of one woman by the Indian allies of England, mourned and condemned by the British General, had power to arouse States and to array armies on our side. It enabled the heroic Stark to turn back the

tide of battle, and to prepare for the capture of Burgoyne. What then must be the result of these repeated horrors, not condemned, but justified and applauded by the Southern press, — accepted as part of their system of warfare? The slaughter and the starvation of prisoners are not the weapons of a cause to which victory has been decreed.

When Grant thunders against the walls of Richmond, his batteries will have a strength not shown by the army returns. Great wrongs, cruel agonies, gigantic offences will add force to his artillery.

Remember, this is not a solitary instance of Rebel cruelty. At Milliken's Bend, prisoners of war, taken in arms for their country, guilty of no crime, except the color of their skin, were literally crucified upon the trees of the forest. Ah, it needed not this crime to remind us that the strongest bond which links together all nations and races of men is the recollection that the same great sacrifice was once offered for all.

From those haunted forests, from the blood-stained enclosure of Fort Pillow, from the dungeons, where prisoners of war have been starved into imbecility or death, from a hundred plantations where a little pile of ashes has been the only memorial of a foul murder, there has gone an army of martyrs, who stand before the throne, and cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

Men talk of retaliation. When the record of these

outrages has been fully spread before the nations of Europe, then retaliation is begun. When the patience of a just God is exhausted, then will the blood of the fallen be gloriously avenged.

I spoke of hope. Let us rather call it faith,—faith that a Rebellion founded in a denial of human rights, and sustained by daily wrongs, cannot be destined to prevail. Because we are so thoroughly in the right,—because the interests of mankind for generations to come depend upon our success,—because the hopes and prayers of good men everywhere, the living and the dead, are with us,—we cannot fail.

When the battle of Lookout Mountain was fought, the imagination of men was greatly moved when they learned that the victory of the gallant Hooker was won literally above the clouds. It is my faith, that the battle of America is indeed to be fought and won far above the clouds. Beyond the circle of the heavens sits the Sole Giver of Victory, and decrees triumph to the nation that supports His laws. Therefore, we will not fear for America, whatever may befall her. If dark days come—if delay still tries our patience, we will remember the protracted toils of our fathers, and call to mind the outstretched arm by which their deliverance was wrought. We need not go back so far to find omens of good. Recall the gloomy days through which we lived, one year ago, when with heavy hearts we prepared to keep this

anniversary. The invading Rebels stood on our soil. Their faces were set towards our chief cities. And some, who had hoped till then, lost all hope. The heavens seemed deaf to the prayers of loyal men. Some were adjudged to be impious in their despairing cries. So passed for us the first of July, the second, and the third. The fourth of July came, and as we looked toward Gettysburg the flashes of Meade's artillery —

“ Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there.”

We looked again and it waved over captured Vicksburg; and yet a little while, and it streamed from the ramparts of Port Hudson, where Massachusetts hands had placed it, and we knew that the dear old flag was safe. Passing through such a danger, saved by such a deliverance, he is a coward that doubts the final triumph of the Union. Whether we win or lose this campaign, let us hope for that triumph.

Failure, if it comes, will only rekindle the spirit of our nation. The lust of gold, the madness of luxury and fashion, the strife of party, will give way to universal patriotism, in the presence of a peril which we feel. Foreign intervention, if that is threatened, will make of us, more than ever, more than anything, one people. I look for another day of perfect union, of indignant loyalty, of assured victory.

“ ’Tis the day, when the men of the slumbering North
Again for the land of our pride shall come forth,
And speaking stout words, which stout hearts shall maintain,
Proclaim our fair country a NATION again —

The men of the North.

For the *tides of the sea* are unruffled and slow,
And as calmly and coldly their pulses may flow,
But as soon shall you roll back that fathomless tide
As turn from their slow-chosen purpose aside

The men of the North.”

I cannot believe that the glories of our fathers' days and of their fathers', the grand voices that sound from two centuries of civilized life in America, are but a prelude to the dirge which humanity would chant over the grave of a ruined nation and a lost hope. I rather count the sad tidings which too often grieve our ears, as the mournful notes which will lend grandeur to that full anthem of praise which shall burst from the heart of a redeemed nation as they shout with one accord: “Sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.”

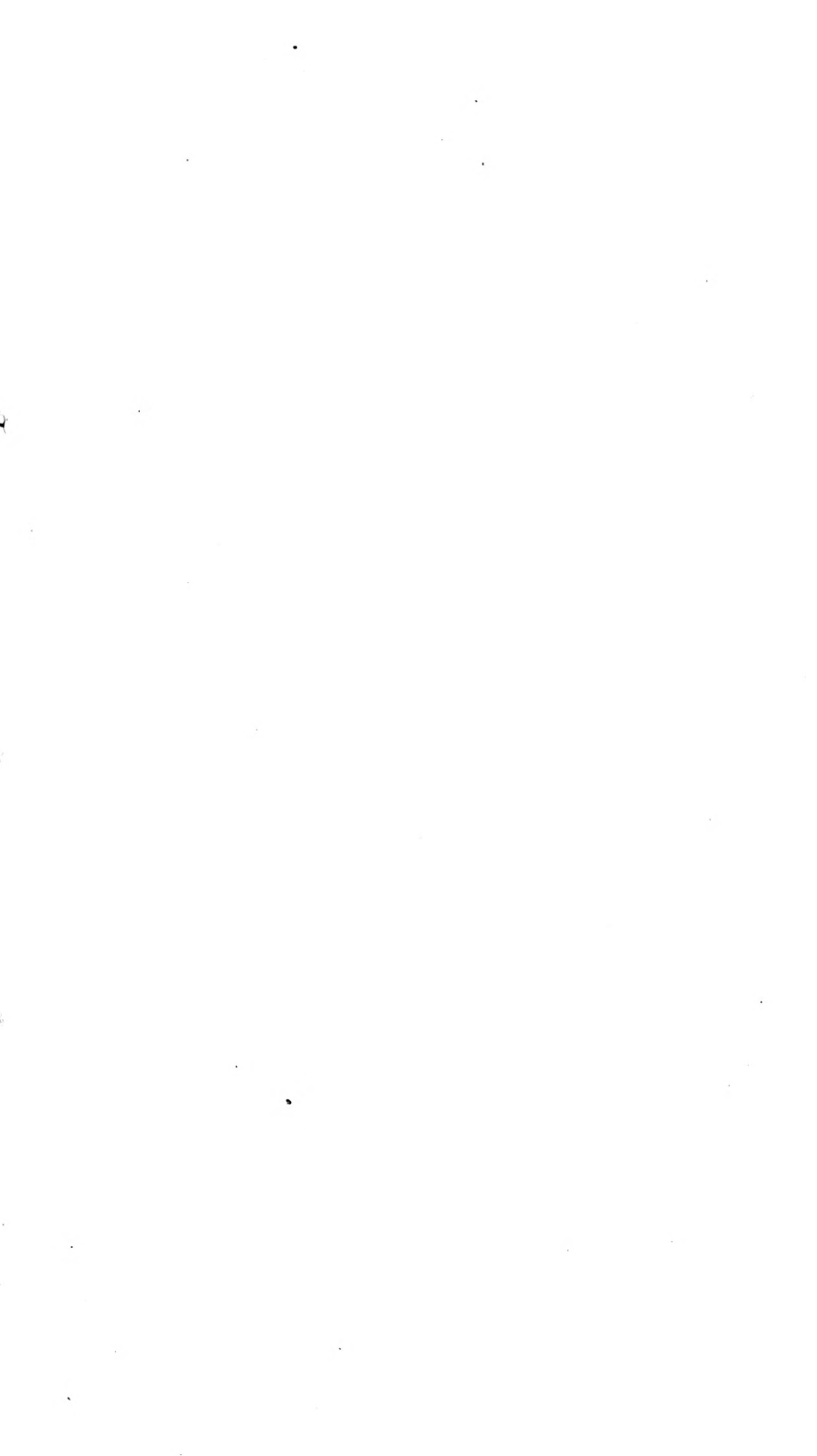
O, that the grand old man, who has just gone home from Earth, could have lived to see that day. You know how true and brave, how loyal and hopeful he was to the last moment of his life. Our children's children will be glad to hear from us, that we knew a man who had seen Washington, and who was worthy

to see him. He who remembered the achievement of his country's independence, longed to behold her final triumph. And who doubts that he will see it? Employed, as we love to believe —

“ In those great offices, that suit
The full-grown energies of heaven,”

he will look from the skies and feel new joy, even there, as he sees that right is victorious, and that the will of God is done in the councils of men.







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